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Last Days of Jane Wheeler

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1

SOME PARTICULARS

OF THE

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

OF

JANE WHEELER,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DANIEL WHEELER.

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PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM H. PILE, PRINTER,

1867.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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FOR the information of such as had no personal knowledge of the subject of the following imperfect sketch, it may be proper to remark, that there was much in her natural character to render that patient acquiescence in the Lord's will, which the latter part of her illness displayed, peculiarly difficult, and to make the triumph of Divine grace most striking. She possessed an original and vigorous mind, combined with a very lively and playful imagination, and extreme buoyancy of spirits. These rendered her the charm of the social circle, and she had just attained an age when such advantages are felt in their full force. Life,—in the dreams of her ardent fancy,—was decked with every charm, and, at the period when the hand of disease arrested her, she had nearly completed her

twenty-first year, and looked brightly forward to a lengthened term of earthly enjoyments. She had known little of the chastening hand of affliction, and her will, naturally strong, had been but imperfectly subjected. About four years before her decease, she had an alarming attack of illness, which for some time threatened her life; and when stretched on the bed of sickness, she became the subject of strong convictions. Her sins were set in order before her, and she was roused to a sense of the danger of her unregenerate state. Thus convicted and brought to repentance, she was enabled to find reconciliation with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. A blessed calm succeeded, and for some months subsequently, she steadfastly pursued a religious course; but as health and spirits returned, she gradually declined; the world and its temptations,—acting with peculiar force on a lively and interesting girl of seventeen,—drew her mind from higher objects; and though from time to time a sense of the power and obligations of religion was evidently felt, the general tenor of her daily course was not such as to leave the minds of those most deeply interested in her welfare at ease respecting her. She was far too

noble-minded to affect what she did not really feel; and for several years, she remained apparently halting between two opinions,—at seasons softened and contrited, remembering her former visitations,—but more frequently seeking enjoyment from the unsatisfying trifles of life, and anxious rather for the gratification of self, than to be found striving to know and to do the Lord's will. Promiscuous reading, and especially that of an imaginative character, was at this time a great snare to her. Bitterly did she afterwards lament the precious hours thus wasted, and it was striking to observe how sedulously she avoided whatever was calculated to revive her interest in subjects of this nature. One day, in the early part of her illness, a friend sent her a volume of poems of the class she had most delighted in: she requested it might be returned, with the assurance that she *then* regarded such works as a most unprofitable employment of time, even in health, but that in *her* circumstances, she should feel the perusal of them highly culpable.

It is, perhaps, necessary to remark, that the following very imperfect account of her last illness was penned for the satisfaction of some

absent members of her family,—several of whom were far distant at the time of its occurrence. A more extensive circulation is now given to it, in the fervent hope that it may be made instrumental in leading some,—and especially those of her own age,—wisely to consider their doings in time of health, and to press after a conformity of heart and conduct to the will of Him, whom they will find to be the only availing Comforter when stretched upon a bed of sickness, that they may thus happily spare themselves that season of distress and anguish of soul which she underwent, through a consciousness of disobedience, and unfaithfulness to the light received. To her, indeed, through the boundings of a Saviour's compassion, a place of repentance was mercifully granted, after a long night of conflict,—but let us not forget, that the opportunity of seeking reconciliation with God, which her lengthened illness presented, may not be afforded to us; and let us call to mind, with application to ourselves individually, the emphatic declaration of the Apostle: “Behold, *now* is the accepted time,—behold, *now* is the day of salvation.”

S. W.

Ninth month, 1840.

THE LAST DAYS  
OF  
JANE WHEELER.

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IT was on one of the closing days of the year 1836, that our dear Jane took the cold which brought on consumption, and terminated in her decease on the 15th of the 7th month following. For some weeks little alarm was felt; but the cough continuing violent, accompanied by night perspirations, and severe chills in the early part of each day, some of us began to feel very anxious respecting her. Dr. H., however, thought our fears groundless; and it was not till the 16th of the 3rd month, that he manifested any apprehensions respecting the serious nature of her disorder. Her appearance on that day shocked him a good deal, and he urged her immediate removal to town, (Petersburgh,) in order that he

might be able to see her daily. The next day she was conveyed thither, and he immediately began to take active measures for her relief. These, however, produced little alleviation of her symptoms, and it was concluded, in a few days, to consult Dr. R. It was not, I believe, till the 10th of the 5th month, that she made any allusion to the state of her feelings, and the formidable nature of her disorder. For some days her spirits had been in a state of extreme depression, which had been very much aggravated by a mistimed remonstrance on the subject. The morning after this, I found her weeping bitterly, when for the first time she referred to her critical situation. "How can I," said she, "keep up my spirits, when I see my danger, and all looks dark before me?" I tried to comfort her, by reminding her that there was One who would never forsake her, and whose goodness she had known in times past. "Ah!" said she, "but he hides his face." I told her I had often feared, that in health her obedience had not kept pace with her knowledge; but that she had acted in many things contrary to what she knew to be right; and this might be one cause of her present distress. To this, she fully as-

sented. I encouraged her to seek the Lord, reminding her that his ear was not heavy that it could not hear, nor his arm shortened that it could not save, &c.

On the evening of the next day, she told me, quite unsolicited on my part, that she felt much happier than she had done, and she could then say, that she would not change her present situation to go back to the state she was in before her illness commenced, even if she might, and that what she most desired was patience to bear her sufferings; "but, she added, "this is so difficult for *me*." I assured her, that this would not be withheld, if sought for from the only Fountain of grace and strength. I had before observed a great change in her in this respect, and one for which I felt very thankful; and these remarks served to confirm my confidence in the *source* whence this change had originated. Though she had not much positive pain, she had a great deal to contend with that was very trying to her. The fever alone made her often feel much oppressed; and the difficulty of breathing towards the evening of each day was very painful, in addition to the harassing cough at night.

5th mo. 14th. During the past week, dear

Jane has obviously lost ground; her strength has failed a good deal, and she has scarcely any appetite; and during the evening of each day, she is troubled with distressing sickness, in addition to her other trials. But even the sight of her sufferings, and the dread of losing her, are almost compensated by the very striking change in the state of her mind, which is such as the Lord alone could have effected. Two days ago she was much overcome, and at last told me, with many tears, that she believed she should not recover. She said she might be mistaken; but the impression was strong on her mind. "I feel myself," said she, "a dying girl; but I feel no alarm, for I believe there is mercy in store for me." She spoke of her own wanderings, and most sweetly of the mercy that had followed her, saying; "I never could be so thoughtless as others were, even in my most thoughtless days. I felt myself as it were, followed—sought out; and even then I often prayed that I might be made meet for heaven, through *whatever* suffering this might be." This statement affected me deeply; but it seemed like the removing of a wall of partition to herself; and her cheerful, relieved manner afterwards, was quite striking.

She has since spoken several times of the exercises of mind through which she has been led, and of the peaceful calm that is now vouchsafed her. She says there is nothing she regrets to leave but her family, and that she hopes we shall soon be reunited in a better world,—referring, with much feeling, to the blessed assurance granted us of the eternal felicity of those already taken. Perhaps the most striking change she displays, is in the *patience* with which she bears her numerous burdens, so that from being a most irritable charge, she is now comparatively one of the most docile and enduring. Indeed, her whole tone and manner are changed, so that D. noticed it at once when last with us, without any information on the subject. Surely it behooves us to say, and I believe I can say it from the heart, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”

15th. Dear Jane has passed a suffering day from high fever and oppression. After dinner she seemed much discouraged, and said she did not feel that support she often experienced, and that without it, increased illness was hard to bear. She then spoke of her situation and prospects, and the calmness she felt in looking

to the future. "Mine," said she, "is a happy lot, but for the pain of parting with you, and it will not be for long. I do not feel exactly prepared to die, but I have faith that I shall be prepared before I am taken. She then spoke of the projected voyage to England, and said how much more satisfactory it would be to her, to be taken home\* and die quietly, rather than to be exposed to all the fatigue and unsettlement of such an undertaking. I told her, that should be left entirely to her choice. "I thought," said she, "the last time I visited mother's grave, perhaps, I too should some time lie there;—but I little knew what was before me." After this conversation she seemed much relieved, though she looked excited, and her cheeks glowed with a beautiful bloom that it always shocks me to see,—though her bright and beaming face looks peculiarly lovely at such moments, —especially with the softened expression it now wears. She often speaks of dear William with unwonted affection, and makes it difficult to me to retain my composure, by her touching refer-

\* Shoosharry, several miles from Petersburgh, the residence of her father, who was then engaged in a religious visit to Australia, and some of the islands of the Pacific.

ences to many things that characterized him. She does this with entire calmness; feeling, I apprehend, the very short space of time that remains to separate them; but her words go home to my heart, with a poignancy of which she seems quite unconscious. She evidently speaks and feels like one who has done with the world and all it contains; and to see one so young and buoyant, and whose prospects a few months ago were so bright and cloudless, look back upon the scene she is quitting without a pang, is most striking, and clearly evinces by *whose* hand she is supported. It invests her with a kind of supernatural dignity, which I could hardly have imagined before; and at those seasons, when nature's feelings are hushed, I contemplate her present state with intense interest. Surely, I could not have a more powerful display of the omnipotence of Divine grace, than she now exhibits. Yet is she most unaffectedly humble, speaking of herself as a wanderer and a backslider, and unworthy of the least of all the mercies she enjoys.

17th. Dear Jane has been out in the fresh air for a quarter of an hour this afternoon,—the first time since her illness became so serious. It was

beautifully fine and still; but the effort of crossing two rooms, and her extreme debility, prevented her enjoying it; and it was with a feeling of great reluctance that she was induced to make this attempt. She says she dreads the bustle of preparation for daily airings exceedingly, lest it should draw away her mind from its true centre, and lead her thoughts to wander,—expressing a dread lest she should be unprepared when the awful moment comes. Still, although much depressed, she holds fast her confidence. She said this afternoon, in the midst of her tears, “I have no wish to recover; I feel as if it were engraven on me, ‘Taken from the evil to come.’ Even the thoughts of leaving you, though very bitter, do not make me regret.” Whilst she was engaged in remarks of this kind, one of our friends brought her a beautiful rose-bush in full bloom: she looked at it for a moment with pleasure, and then burst into tears: “It rouses bitter thoughts,” said she, “that had better not be awakened,” presently adding: “How soon it will fade.” It is striking to observe how carefully she avoids all subjects calculated to interest her thoughts in the common concerns of life. Poor girl! she seems to feel that she has neither part nor lot in the things

of earth, and she is anxious to avoid everything calculated to recall painful, or affecting recollections of its cares or pleasures. When feeling very ill this afternoon, and gasping for breath, she wept much, and said, "It is, indeed, through much tribulation." I reminded her what a mercy it was to be permitted to enter the kingdom at all: "Oh yes," said she, "I know I shall say at last, I have not had one pang too many, but it is hard to bear." She afterwards said: "How many precious hours have I wasted! Had they been better employed, I might have been better prepared for such a time as this."

18th. Our dear Jane has been much depressed to day, and often in tears: she said she had still faith to believe that all would be well, but yet she felt very sad. After referring to some accounts in "Piety Promoted," she said: "I may seem to dwell much on these things, but I feel that I have done with earth, and all its concerns, and I wish to keep my thoughts from dwelling on them." She said she should feel any other than religious reading entirely wrong in her circumstances; and even conversation on indifferent or trifling subjects, she felt it best to avoid. The only books she wishes either to hear or read, are

the Bible and "Piety Promoted;" the former I read to her three times daily; the latter, after tea, when she is well enough to listen to it.

20th. Dear Jane seems to get weaker daily, and to-day was only able to sit up two or three hours; this was not accomplished without a great effort. She is now unable to walk from one room to another, and last night dear D. carried her in his arms to bed. This extreme debility is very, very trying to her; and this morning she wept much, while she said to me, "I feel completely given up to weakness." This afternoon I noticed her tearful countenance, when she said, "I fear I have been impatient." The compunction she felt for this was very striking. She afterwards remarked, how very trying it was, thus to feel one-self gradually wasting away, and yet what a mercy to be so much spared acute pain.

21st. I think dear Jane is certainly stronger on the whole to day, than she was yesterday, and this, even she herself is disposed to allow. She rose with less difficulty, and sat for two or three hours in an easy-chair. She still remains much depressed in mind, I have no doubt, partly in consequence of bodily debility. She awoke

me this morning with weeping bitterly ; and when I asked her the reason of her distress, she replied that she had had more pain in the left shoulder and side in the night ; and she thought if this became severe as her weakness increased, she should not be able to endure it patiently. At noon she was much distressed, saying : " I feel so bad." I asked her whether there was anything in particular which distressed her ; when she again referred to her impatience, and the inability she often felt to struggle against it. " But," added she, " I know not that all my other sins are forgiven me, and I feel as if it were almost wrong for me to be so calm as I am." This evening, just before going to bed, she burst into tears, and said : " I seem to see father's image almost continually ; for several days it has been almost constantly before me." I told her, I thought it must be a very pleasant companion. " Ah," said she, " but he looked so sad ; just as he would look if he were here now. I well remember the mixture of grief and pleasure in his countenance, when he last reached Shoosharry, and found me only weak ;\* but could he see me

\* Alluding to her father's return from England, after her illness four years before.

*now,"*—and her feelings quite overcame her. I could not answer her, for I felt almost as keenly as she could do, how much it would cost his affectionate heart, to see her in her present state.

22d. Last night our dear Jane slept better than she has usually done, and during the early part of the day, she seemed cheerful, and more comfortable than is often the case. She told me that the enemy had been very busy, trying to persuade her that she should recover, and that it was foolish to think so much about religion. This seemed to have distressed her greatly; and she said she very much dreaded deceiving herself. She remarked how striking it was, that a disease in which so much patience was requisite, should have been sent to her, who had naturally so little; adding: "I must need a great deal of purifying, or so long a preparation would not have been sent."

23d. After her return into the house from an airing, she spoke of her future prospects, and said, that she thought it not improbable that she might survive the summer, perhaps part of the winter; "And then," said she, "there will be a sweet release for me." She said she did not feel the full assurance she longed for, but still

she had a good hope. She pointed out her wasted fingers, which have now the indications of consumption most unequivocally stamped upon them; saying, how shocking it would be, did she look on this with dread, and intimating that it produced a very different feeling.

25th. I cannot but rejoice in the fact, that dear Jane has certainly gained ground during the last few days, and though still very feeble, and much tried in many ways, she has more strength, and decidedly less fever, than she had a week ago. To herself, the change seemed to afford less satisfaction than to us, for she says, however she may, on the whole, appear better, she had a feeling at the chest which assures her, "it is all in vain." The lungs seem to herself more diseased than they have ever before been, and the shaking over the stones occasions much uneasiness in them—"not exactly pain, but an indescribably wretched feeling." It is with painful sensations that she contemplates many of the objects which her rides bring before her. "It seems," said she, "like going back among the things of earth, when I thought I might never have seen them again; I feel, as it were, set apart, and as if I had no longer any interest in them, though they

are again brought before me." On this account, she enjoys the thought of the quiet rides she can have at home, where there will be little besides the works of creation around her.

27th. Evening. Had I written at noon to-day, I should have pronounced dear Jane decidedly better; but a small quantity of blood raised from the lungs after dinner, alarmed both of us very much. She looked agitated when she observed it, and said: "I do not dread it, and yet it makes me shudder." She certainly gains a little strength, and the fever remains very moderate: last night she had more refreshing sleep than usual, and her appearance strikes me as considerably improved. The expression of her countenance, though at seasons indicating pain, is often beautifully serene, and her eye has at times the bright, animated beam, that is natural to it. Her spirits, too, are now very tranquil; indeed, she says she experiences an entire calm, having nothing to contend with but bodily sufferings. She cannot say that she enjoys *consolations*, except occasionally; but, that in looking to the close, there is always a sweetness in the prospect, as though at eventide there would be light.

*Shoosharry*, 5th mo. 31st. We have once more reached our home; and I am thankful to be able to add, that we were favored to arrive in safety. Never, perhaps, had we so ardently longed for its quiet shelter; and in spite of the melancholy circumstances under which we re-entered it, *all* faces wore a smile, and some hearts, at least, were bowed in reverent gratitude to Him, who, we could not but believe, had both led us forth, and conducted us back again.

6th mo. 26th. For two or three weeks after our return home, dear Jane remained very stationary in point of health, and was again very reserved respecting the state of her mind. We longed much for the warm weather, under the idea that this would recruit her; but now that this is given us, we find it brings not the refreshment we had fondly hoped to our dear invalid; and while all nature around her is bright and smiling, she droops more than before. She is commonly taken into the garden every afternoon, when the heat is beginning to subside, where she remains about two hours, seated in her little calash, either stationary in some shady nook, or gently drawn round the garden. The fresh air feels reviving to her, but she is rarely

well enough to evince any pleasure in the quiet beauties of the scene before her. She often seems to me the only drooping flower there; and it needs, indeed, at times, a painful effort, calmly to contemplate the wreck which disease has left her, with the certainty, almost, that it is still pursuing its fatal office, and crushing a life so dear to us. One abundant cause of thankfulness, we are, however, permitted to enjoy, and this is, to observe the growing ascendancy of religious feeling in her mind. Again, she has become more communicative on this subject, and is earnestly pressing after patience, and an entire preparation of heart for the awful change to which she very calmly and steadily looks forward.

30th. This has been altogether a very trying week to dear Jane, and she has decidedly lost ground since its commencement. The mind, happily, is prospering, although the *body* is drooping, and this I desire to record with feelings of devout thankfulness. To-day, when much tried, she gave way a little to impatience, on which she afterwards remarked with much compunction, saying: "I am sure if ever any one desired to be patient and resigned, I do. I

do feel at times that I love the Lord, and that it is all in mercy that he thus chastens me; but I am so soon overcome." The other day she said, "I do feel Jesus precious to me, and I long to love him as I ought." She frequently remarks that she does not feel that *assurance* of the forgiveness of her sins which she desires, but that she believes this will yet be vouchsafed; and she always refers to the close, as to a bright and happy period. She observed one day lately, how selfish and presumptuous it was in her, to wish her sufferings shortened, and to be admitted to the heavenly state, while she felt she was yet unprepared, and so unworthy of its happiness at all. The other evening, when much exhausted, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, Sarah! I do *long* to get home; I cannot tell thee how wearied I often feel. I think you ought rather to rejoice than to mourn, when my sufferings are over." She often refers to dear William, and said the other day: "If heavenly spirits are permitted to recognize each other, how delightful it must be!"

7th mo. 5th. On the 2d, dear Jane seemed very nicely,—rather stronger than usual, and very cheerful. Her serene and happy counte-

nance struck me much; and in the afternoon, as we were alone together, she said with much feeling, "I do feel the Lord is very good to me. I am so happy when I can keep my thoughts fixed on him; I am quite grieved when they have been occupied with things of no importance to me." She afterwards added: "Last night, although a tossing time, I felt so happy; although almost too good for me, I felt, I think, an assurance that I should not be cast off." After a pause, she went on to say, "Under these circumstances, I would not exchange situations with those who think themselves the happiest."

The 3d and 4th were suffering days to my dear sister, from oppression, very harassing cough, &c. She was so entirely exhausted yesterday afternoon, that she was obliged to go to bed before tea-time: after this she enjoyed pretty tranquil sleep, and roused up in the night much refreshed, and in a sweet and happy state of mind. She seemed to be enjoying an ardent feeling of love to God, and said: "How sweet it is to love the Lord! oh, I do feel he is a good God." She then remarked on her own critical circumstances; and said she should rejoice in the increase of disease, could she but feel a thorough assurance

of pardon and acceptance. While her symptoms remained apparently stationary, she told me she had felt afraid of becoming careless and indifferent; "but now," said she, "I *feel* there is no time to loiter." She used many other similar expressions; which were spoken with much deliberation and evident feeling. To-day, she has had less suffering from cough, &c., but has felt very feeble, and three or four hours on the sofa were as much as she could bear.

6th. Dr. H. has been here to-day, and seemed shocked at the change a week has made in dear Jane; he thinks her disease advances rapidly, and that she cannot linger very long. His opinion pained and saddened both D. and myself; for although we knew her to be very feeble, we had not looked forward to any very nearly approaching change. We concluded on saying nothing to Jane in reference to it; but some time after he had left, she remarked to me; "I feel very weak, but peaceful, although I feel myself rapidly sinking. I feel that it is an awful thing to die, and I desire to be made fully sensible of it, that I may not be as one astonished when the moment comes. If the Lord is but with me, I hope none will make me afraid." She

then referred to her feelings during the night, and said, "I felt when I was awake, as if I could not love and adore the Lord enough; but then again my thoughts wandered, and I feared I might offend him. How delightful it is to feel, to want no other enjoyment than himself! Without this, heaven would be no heaven." The calmness and deliberation with which she made these remarks, were very affecting to me. After she was put to bed, she remarked: "How pleasantly I am situated here! I feel that a happy lot has been assigned me to end my days in. When I last returned home, I thought that I should not leave it again." Although my dear sister has been very feeble to-day, it has been a less suffering time than many others, and the beautifully serene and composed expression of her pale face, corresponded fully with her own declarations, of the peaceful state of her mind. She spoke of the trouble she occasioned me, and when I assured her that I felt thankful to be able to nurse her, and that my own apprehensions were of the fearful blank I must feel when she was gone, she replied with animation, "Oh, Sarah, where is the Arm that has sustained thee hitherto? If, as I humbly hope, I am taken

in mercy, it will be cause rather of rejoicing than of mourning to know that I am safe, for here, I know I have often been a source of anxiety."

7th mo. 17th. This scene of suffering has at length closed on our dear Jane forever, and her purified spirit, we feel an humble confidence, has entered that better home, which she so much longed to reach. It was a few minutes before six o'clock, A. M., on the 15th instant, that she peacefully breathed her last, apparently without the slightest, either mental or bodily, suffering. But I shall try to retrace, as well as I may be able, the last ten days of her life; as, during that period, I was so incessantly engaged about her, that I did not keep up my record.

On the 7th, she remained as on the preceding day; and as she had been wandering and very restless through the night, we thought it best, from this time, to sit up with her. I think it must have been the first night of my watching beside her, that she roused from her rambling, and told me, that as the final hour approached, she could not help shrinking; that she supposed it was in our nature to do so, but that she hoped she was not deceiving herself. She said she had

cried to the Lord for support ; adding, “I do not ask for triumph, but for calm—painlessness—a quiet dismissal.” I think it was on the 7th, that she said to me: “I like to tell you what I think and feel, but otherwise I prefer to have perfect quiet. There seems nothing else I can do, a poor weak creature, but lie passive in His hands and trust: I have no merits of my own, but I have cast myself on Him ; and I hope He may not cast me off.” She afterwards said, “It is a great mercy that I feel so calm and peaceful, as I almost always do.”

From this time, dear Jane sunk rapidly ; each night she was in a state of partial delirium ; and during the last four days of her life, her thoughts, even by day, were often confused, so that much conversation was impracticable. On the 10th, she rode out for the last time, but returned much exhausted, and was carried up stairs nearly fainting. When she had recovered a little, some intimate friends came to take leave of her : at first, she thought herself unable to see them, nor did I feel disposed to urge it. She, however, shook hands with all, with perfect composure, and with a calmness of manner and countenance that was quite striking. In the night, she re-

marked, that she had often heard of funeral processions ; and this did seem to her like a funeral farewell. On the 12th, my dear sister appeared almost in a lethargic state, only starting up occasionally, and looking wildly round, but she was nearly free from pain. On the 13th, she seemed less oppressed and deathlike ; but, otherwise, much the same. Towards evening, extreme restlessness came on, accompanied by delirium : this continued through the night, to a degree that was really fearful, until the strength both of herself, and those around her, was nearly exhausted. Never did I see restlessness to compare with this. The dear sufferer would be propped up in the bed—then lie down again—then be placed on another part—then be got up altogether, and sit in her easy chair—then return to the bed again—till she was completely spent ; and all this, when in so weak a state, that she needed to be lifted almost entirely. In the forenoon of the 14th, she became more quiet, although I think she scarcely slept ; and after dinner she was dressed, and brought into the drawing-room for the last time. Here she sat for perhaps three hours, occasionally rambling,—but with little suffering of

any kind; she then returned to her bed. Delirium soon came on, and a train of bright images seemed to pass through her brain, in most rapid succession. The breathing was a little oppressed, so that we propped her in a sitting posture as long as her strength would bear it; but she was not very restless, and seemed to be free from pain. Perceiving no alteration, about 4 A. M. I went to lie down. She was then quiet, and seemed inclined to doze: before leaving her, I told her I was going, and asked if she would not kiss me: she immediately roused herself, and answered, "Yes," seeming to be quite sensible. This was the last time I heard the accents of that sweet voice, whose warblings had so often been music in my ear.

After I had left her, she remained in much the same state for nearly an hour: rambling a little occasionally, and then seeming all at once to awake to consciousness, and to become for a short time entirely collected. She asked the servant who was with her, to raise her in the bed, and after a short interval of silence, she prayed thus: "O my father which art in heaven, if it please Thee to look down upon me, a poor—" here her voice failed for a mo-

ment, and then she said, "If thou seest meet, thou canst release me,—Christ can do all. Oh, the happiness! Oh, the happiness! Anne, didst thou ever see such happiness as this? —the happiness?" She then lay down, and I believe never spoke afterwards. Anne immediately came to me, and begged me to rise, as she was sinking fast: I hastened to her; and D. very soon joined us. She was then apparently in a deep slumber, and her breathing continued laborious and at intervals, for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, when it finally ceased. Her head was resting on her hand, as she usually slept; her eyes never opened after we entered the chamber, and the whole countenance was calm and unruffled, scarcely changed from what it had been for days. So peaceful was her departure, that we did not recognize the precise moment at which the spirit fled; and the words of her own prayer passed again and again through my mind, as most completely and literally answered; it was indeed, "calm—painlessness—a quiet dismissal."

We felt ourselves truly orphans and alone; but the God of the orphan was with us, and raised in our hearts, sad though they were, the

tribute of thanksgiving and praise, for this crowning display of his mercy. Our tears could not be repressed; but we felt that the sting of death was indeed removed; and that she whom we mourned, was at rest forever, in the Redeemer's bosom.

S. W.









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